Harry Nilsson, Everybody's Talking At Me

Everybody's talking at me. I don't hear a word they're saying, Only the echoes of my mind. People stopping staring, I can't see their faces. Only the shadows of their eyes. I'm going where the sun keeps shining Thru' the pouring rain, Going where the weather suits my clothes, Backing off of the North East wind, Sailing on summer breeze And skipping over the ocean like a stone. I'm going where the sun keeps shining Thru' the pouring rain, Going where the weather suits my clothes, Backing off of the North East wind, Sailing on summer breeze And skipping over the ocean like a stone